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who is willing "to read both sides,"
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devotedly, that when their
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the Democratic side, they
may be victorious. Determined,
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Boston Weekly Globe.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1883.

CLUBS! CLUBS!! CLUBS!!!

Now is the time to form clubs according to the new prospectus on this page. Read it carefully, and subscribe as soon as possible, for the sooner you subscribe the longer the time you will receive THE GLOBE.

This offer is made to old as well as to new subscribers. All subscribers should examine the date upon their paper, where they will find the date when their subscription expires.

Every present subscriber may find at least one new one by making a slight effort. We wish every subscriber would resolve to send at least one new subscriber.

Every subscriber, new or old, in a club, or alone, will receive THE WEEKLY GLOBE until January 1, 1885, for only \$1.

A NEW STORY NEXT WEEK.

Next week a new story, "That Dreadful Boy," by the very popular GLOBE contributor, Kate Tannatt Woods, will begin in THE WEEKLY GLOBE.

It is an interesting story of family life, in which an irresponsible boy, by his overflow of humor and mischievous pranks, keeps every member on tiptoe in wonder and fear of what he may do next.

It is full of the liveliest and most entertaining incidents, and is brimming over with fun.

Everybody will read and praise it.

Several new stories by well-known authors are in active preparation, and will be duly announced. "That Dreadful Boy" will begin next week. Tell your neighbors and friends, and ask them to read the first instalment. THE GLOBE stories are always the best stories.

ANOTHER NEW WAR STORY

Is ready, and will begin as soon as "That Dreadful Boy" ends. It is entitled

"ALONG THE LINES;

OR,
HEROES IN BLUE AND GRAY."

THE RECORD OF LUKE LEIGHTON
AT ANTIETAM.

BY ERNEST A. TOWN.

NEW PRESSES AND NEW FOLDERS.

For several weeks, in order to introduce new presses and new folders, demanded by the rapidly-increasing circulation of THE WEEKLY GLOBE, it has been necessary to have the folding of THE WEEKLY GLOBE done elsewhere. This has caused a delay in the folding, mailing and delivery of THE GLOBE, concerning which we have received considerable complaint, but which, while deeply regrettable, we have been unable to avoid.

We are happy to announce that, beginning this week, we shall be able to deliver papers earlier and more promptly than ever before.

Heretofore, it has been necessary first to print the entire edition; then, after printing, to transfer the edition to the folding machines, at a great loss of time.

Now, with new presses and new folders, the best in the world, every paper is both printed and folded on the same machine, almost at the same instant. Now, THE GLOBE presses are able to fully meet the largest demand upon them that will be made.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE will now be delivered earlier and more promptly than ever before.

NO THREE-CENT STAMPS

will be accepted by THE WEEKLY GLOBE in payment of subscriptions on account of the new postage law, which substitutes two-cent stamps in their place. Stamps of the denomination of one or two will be received as heretofore.

HOW TO REMIT, ETC.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE is sent everywhere in the United States and Canada, one year, free of postage, for only \$1.00; six copies for only \$5.00.

All subscriptions should be sent by postal order, registered letter, or draft on New York or Boston, though, if more convenient for the sender, postage stamps will be accepted. When stamps are sent they should be of the denomination of one, two or three cents.

To ensure immediate attention and prompt answers, all letters should be addressed to "THE WEEKLY GLOBE, Boston, Mass."

Every letter and postal card should bear the full name of the writer, his post office, county and State.

Every notice of change of residence should give former as well as present address, and both in full.

Every notice to discontinue should give the town, county and State to which the paper is being sent.

All copies lost in the mails will be duplicated free of expense.

When postage stamps are sent they should not be registered.

All exchange newspapers and magazines should be addressed simply, "Lock Drawer 5220, Boston, Mass."

Sample copies are free.

It appeals the Republican leaders when they think of what additional corruption Governor BUTLER would unearth during a second term at the State House. Hence all this unrelenting towards him. Luckily the people are the jury.

The Washington correspondent of the Sun has been investigating some of the peculiarities of the United States Senate, and has found that among the purchases for the month of June last there were 4000 quarts of Apollinaris water, or an average of six gallons for each senator each day the Senate was in session. When MACALESTER'S New Zealander hunts through the dusty records of this forgotten republic and finds the account of these purchases, how it will puzzle him to figure out what manner of people those Americans were, anyway!

The London Truth tells a story that points very well the moral of how ready people are to condemn the things they don't know anything about. While HENRY IRVING was playing in Edinburgh, a well-known minister of that place, of the United Presbyterian Church, was induced to attend a performance of Hamlet. It was the first time he had ever been in a theatre, but he had the manliness to be willing to repair his opinions, and the result of his visit was that he preached an eloquent sermon defending the stage from the charges that are still occasionally made against it. He was immediately denounced in a great storm of abuse as a backslider. The next time he goes to the theatre he should take his parishioners with him.

A Philadelphia man thought he was sick, and went to a doctor to find out what ailed him. The doctor was one of the quack species, and he told the man that he was suffering from Bright's and several other diseases, all of which could be cured by medicine of the doctor's manufacture. The doctor thought about six quarts would settle the business, and the sickster heroically agreed to make the experiment and pay \$300 for the medicine, the money to be refunded in case no cure should be wrought. For two years that man took the medicine, and when he had finished the last bottle he was very near a total wreck. Of course the doctor refused to refund the money, and the sickster has sued him to recover the \$300. The Philadelphia man evidently was

not ill when he applied to the doctor. If he had not been in robust health he never could have survived six quarts of medicine.

THE OHIO ELECTION.

The result in Ohio is far more significant than has been any other recent election. It is more enigmatical and has a stronger meaning than any of last fall's elections, unexpected and surprising as they were. To a certain extent local causes influenced the result in some of these cases, but after making all due allowance for these there still remained a manifest change in popular political sentiment. The result of last fall's election was called a "ground-swell," and the Ohio election shows that the name was not misapplied, and that the causes that produced it are still at work.

Recent politics show nothing more peculiar than this fall's work in Ohio. It has been the campaign of the unexpected. Victory had been all but conceded to the Republicans. Their organization was compact, united, harmonious. The Democrats had been torn by dissension from the day of their convention to the day of election. Their candidate was sick and unable to appear in public during the major part of the campaign. Even the most hopeful of the Democratic campaign managers did not dare to prophesy. All the usual methods of canvassing the vote indicated Republican success. But the result completely turned the tables, and astonishes one party as much as it disappoints the other.

It will not do for the Republicans to explain their defeat by the prohibition issue. Neither party, if it desired, could take the responsibility for the temperance fight. The Republicans had not espoused its cause, they had taken every means to show that they were not responsible for it. The temperance people had exerted themselves especially to keep it separate from party issues. The fight on the prohibition amendment was conducted solely on its own merits. It appears that the German Republicans, who were expected to desert in a body from the Republicans on account of the amendment, cast their votes as usual.

The Democrats were largely opposed to the amendment, as they always are to sumptuary legislation, but it was not a party issue, and the fact that it was defeated by a much larger majority than the Democratic ticket received proves that it was not. It must have been something deeper than this local cause that elected Judge HOADLY. There seems to have been a complete upheaval of popular sentiment. There were Republican gains in the cities which were depended on for Democratic majorities. The country districts, of which the Republican managers were confident, came out strongly Democratic. On every side the things that were expected did not happen, and those of which none had thought were the ones that came to pass.

In view of all these peculiar features it is folly to call the Democratic majority the result of a mere local, passing cause. It means vastly more than a Democratic victory in Ohio, more than a Democratic president in '84, of which it gives promise. It means that the people have not lost their hold on popular government. It means that those pessimistic prophets who declare that the people no longer govern, that they cannot govern, and that they must submit to an oligarchy of officeholders and machine politicians, are wrong. It means that when the people wish they can still use their power, and that that power is stronger and greater and more securely kept than any had imagined. And it means that

The Republican party is going.

THE AMBLER MYSTERY.

The Connecticut authorities who have been handling the ROSE AMBLER murder mystery are receiving some pretty sharp criticism from the press. And much of it is well deserved. While they are not responsible probably for the publication of all the wild theories of amateur detectives, they would have shown better judgment than they have by having the work of some able cases kept private. It was not one of those theories great and wide publicity of all the evidence and plans of the officials was desired. As the most outrageous statements have been published in the papers of this city, which were furnished by the detectives apparently for the purpose of frightening one or two wealthy men into shutting the mouths either of the detectives or the reporters—probably both. The stories, as printed, were ridiculously improbable; nevertheless they were of a kind which a man with money would willingly pay well not to have published. The daily press of this city is in a great measure responsible for the present state of affairs in this case as in most others. They sent reporters to the scene of the murder—for what purpose? To tell the main story of the crime, and describe what took place at the public sessions of the coroner's jury? Certainly all that; but much more. Each reporter knew perfectly well when he left this city on the work that his place on his paper did not depend upon his telling what it was proper the public should know, but upon his telling just those things which the public had no business to want to know, at least at that stage of the game.

Considering all that has been published about the terrible affair, it will be surprising if the murderer is ever detected. He has undoubtedly read everything, and knows exactly how to take care of himself. As murders are generally committed in secret, it is the best policy in a majority of cases—and this was one of those cases—to let them be detected in a secret and quiet manner. There is then no chance of getting the criminal.

THE TRUTH ABOUT EARLE.

Candidate ROBINSON has undertaken to drag the State prison into the campaign in order to make political capital for himself, but he has not had the forethought to qualify himself for telling the truth about that institution. In his speech to the people of Gloucester, Mr. ROBINSON said: "Captain EARLE said that if the commission wanted him to change the system of overwork he would do it. He undertook to do it. The result was what you would expect—a tendency to rebel. That was the condition of affairs there—no cruelty, no severity of treatment, but a confusion and rebellious attitude resulting from enforcement of discipline."

Now, these words uttered by George D. Robinson are absolutely untrue. Perhaps Mr. Robinson did not know that he was uttering falsehoods, but that does not excuse him. It was his business to know that he was not uttering falsehoods.

The revolt at the State prison was in July, and as the system of overwork was not changed until November the revolt could have been the result of the change. The so-called rebellion was caused by Warden EARLE himself. When he entered the prison he was prodigal with his promises to the prisoners, but he broke his word. They caught him in a lie and despised him thenceforward. At 12 o'clock on the night of July 3 the convicts began cheering for the Fourth, according to custom, and had the warden told them to stop in a few minutes, all would have been well. When urged by his officers to give the order, he declined to do so, but said if the convicts did not stop he would punish them next day. Instead of picking out the few noisy men, he punished every man in the prison, and that caused the subsequent demonstrations.

Mr. ROBINSON says there was no cruelty, no severity of treatment. Let any man with a heart in him judge! Between July and February Warden EARLE strung more than 100 men up by the wrists so that their toes barely touched the ground. More than thirty men were strung up at one time. They were kept in this position of infernal torture an average of twenty-seven hours, some even being strung up for eighty-two consecutive hours. Men were killed by this punishment and others injured for life. Men were kept in total darkness and solitude, on a diet of bread and water, sometimes chained to the wall, for eighteen days. One man was confined in a dark cell for five months, and is now in an insane asylum.

CHARLES S. WHITTIER, dying of consumption, was driven out of the hospital by Warden EARLE because a remark made by WHITTIER's wife came to the warden's ears. For nine months WHITTIER was not permitted to see his wife and child. Neglect and harsh treatment finished him. He was pardoned by Governor BUTLER, and died in two weeks. One of the last things he said was, "I am glad to hear it," when told of EARLE's removal.

No cruelty, no severity, Mr. ROBINSON! In God's name, man, what is cruel or severe? The treatment of convicts under Warden EARLE was inhuman—it was devilish. No man, no State has any right to string men up by the wrists until they are convulsed with torture. Governor BUTLER did well to put a stop to this brutality. You, Mr. ROBINSON, do quite otherwise than well when you defend Warden EARLE, and falsely say there was no cruelty at Concord.

GOVERNOR BUTLER'S ANSWER.

GOVERNOR BUTLER answered his enemies completely in the three speeches delivered by him last Wednesday evening, and the plain people who heard him were satisfied with the answer. In his insane desire to condemn and make odious every act of the Governor, the Republicans rashly undertook to defend all the faithless servants whom he found out and discharged, and the fools of the party rushed in where the wiser men feared to tread. They clamored for a personal campaign; shrieked themselves hoarse in abusing the Governor and impugning all his motives. To have been discharged from a place of trust by Ben Butler was sufficient to elevate a man to the top shelf of their distinguished consideration. Had they been content to accept the Governor's statement that the inside history of some cases was withheld out of kindness and a desire to save the feelings of innocent parties, it would have been better for them and for some of the ex-officials.

JULIUS L. CLARKE has no reason to be grateful to the rash fools in his party who persisted in declaring that his discharge from the service of the State was an outrage upon an upright, faithful man of unblemished character. Goaded beyond forbearance, the Governor has spoken, and the poor fools wish they had let him alone. The Republicans threw down the gauntlet and the Governor picked it up. There are sore heads today in the Republican ranks. Republican cant, hypocrisy and blind prejudice were met last Wednesday night by fact, frankness and accurate knowledge. The mask was torn from many a face by a strong hand and flung to the ground. The Governor told what he has done and why he did it, and all the misrepresentations of his enemies were scattered to the winds. The people who heard and read his speeches know how how well the State has been governed, and how much it needs Governor Butler at the head of affairs for another year.

THE TOWNSHIP REPORT EXAMINED.

In another column we present a review of the majority report on Tewksbury from the pen of one of the best-trained jurists in the United States, an eminent authority in matters of law. It deals particularly with the testimony, and the treatment it received from the majority, of Mr. and Mrs. DUDLEY, two of Governor BUTLER'S important witnesses.

It shows beyond doubt that the majority intentionally and wantonly misrepresented the conclusion to which they arrived. The testimony of the Tewksbury defendants, feeling the force of Mr. and Mrs. DUDLEY'S damning statements, deliberately set themselves to work to discredit that testimony. In so doing they hesitated neither at misrepresentation nor at falsification. It shows that they put into Mr. DUDLEY'S mouth statements that he did not make; and that they referred to his wife's testimony as contradictory when it harmonized with and substantiated his declarations.

The communication reveals the determined effort of the counsel and the majority to discredit Mr. and Mrs. DUDLEY and stamp them, by book or crook, as unreliable. It plainly shows the shameful methods of misrepresentation, falsification and unwarranted inference by which they endeavored to accomplish this. And it proves conclusively their unblemished reputation and the straightforward, substantiating character of their testimony.

No fair-minded man can read the article without feeling convinced that the committee and counsel unscrupulously schemed to destroy the reputation of two useful and honorable people in order to compass their own ends—the whitewashing of Tewksbury and the protection of the MARSHES.

EX-GOVERNOR LONG'S MISTAKE.

EX-GOVERNOR JOHN D. LONG has taken the stump for the Republican party, and, as usual, is making some interesting speeches. But we regret to observe that Mr. LONG has departed from his usual course of stating things fairly and arguing in the main from facts. The ex-governor's speeches are tuned up to a high partisan pitch this year, and in his zeal to make out a case against the present Governor he allows himself to make statements very wide of the truth. Those who know Mr. LONG will be reluctant to believe that he would wilfully deceive his hearers; they will prefer to think that he has not been careful to acquire accurate information, but has allowed himself to be misled by unprincipled persons. The ex-governor is devoting much of his time on the stump to State prison affairs and the defence of ex-Warden EARLE, and what he says is liable to have considerable weight with the people, because he is supposed to have been in a position particularly advantageous for the acquirement of knowledge concerning those very matters. On this account the ex-governor should have been more industrious in accumulating real knowledge of the case.

In his speech at Attleboro, Ex-Governor LONG said of the State prison: "I believe you will find its discipline impaired so that the present warden or some one of his successors will have to bring it back to where it was when Warden EARLE left it." This was a very singular statement for Mr. LONG to make. It was in effect and intent an assertion that the present warden is incompetent; that the discipline is bad, and that the discipline was perfect under Warden EARLE.

Warden USHER has tried to keep the prison out of politics, but the nature of the assaults upon the present management, and the high positions of the assailants, have compelled him to come forward with the records and correct the reckless statements. In an open letter to JOHN D. LONG, published in THE SUNDAY GLOBE, Warden USHER asks in what respect the discipline of the prison is defective, and very properly demands a specific answer. Warden USHER affirms that the prisoners are obedient, respectful, quiet and industrious. If Mr. LONG knows anything to the contrary, he is bound in all fairness to state it plainly, and give the source of his information. Never having visited the prison since Warden USHER was appointed, Mr. LONG knows nothing

personally of the present state of affairs. He did visit the prison when Warden EARLE was there, and he does know something of his administration. He knows that Warden EARLE and himself were hissed and booed by the convicts, and did not dare to enter one of the shops because of the unpleasant demonstrations. Warden USHER pertinently asks Mr. LONG if he really means that the discipline of the prison should be brought back to that condition. The question is one right to be put, and Mr. LONG should answer it candidly.

EX-GOVERNOR LONG says Warden EARLE walked the prison with the respect of every man there. Warden USHER shows that statement to be utterly untrue. The last year of Warden EARLE'S administration is remembered in the prison as "the reign of terror."

EX-GOVERNOR LONG says the contractors charge a lack of efficiency and discipline, and are dissatisfied with the labor of the men. He also says the men cannot perform so much work as they could under EARLE. Warden USHER proves by the records that the men are in better health, perform more work, lose less time by reason of sickness and punishments, and are more orderly than at any time under EARLE. He also challenges Mr. LONG to name a single contractor who will sustain his statements. Warden USHER shows that ex-Governor LONG has made other assertions and charges equally false, and calls upon him to either produce his evidence or confess himself mistaken.

The ex-governor has certainly been very hasty, very careless, very forgetful of facts actually known to him, and as he is a gentleman and has always been disposed to deal fairly by others, we are confident that he will make the amendment honorable in his reply to Warden USHER'S open letter.

AN ENGLISH NOTION.

The misguided Americans who can find no good in anything not wholly English, and who devote themselves to imitating and trying to persuade the country to imitate the English, should pay heed to what Lord COLERIDGE says on this subject. In the course of a speech to a company of Americans the other day, England's lord chief justice said:

"But what does dejection me to see is the independence and prosperity of your middle classes. They own their own houses and farms; they are not a rent-paying class. I would wish to see the same thing in my own country, but of course I never will. This is your great strength and your great happiness. English papers and periodicals are full of advice to you from gentlemen who have been here. You have been advised to establish a monarchy, have a hereditary Senate, re-nate a primogeniture law and make other radical changes in conformity to English forms. When I read these things I ask myself, what are these men who come out of America to tell me? What number of Americans have they met? I am not blind to the greatness or the virtues of my own country, but what is best for us is not best for you, and vice versa."

As indicating what is annually achieved in peasant breeding, says the London World, it has been calculated that 175,000 of them are annually sold in London, while in all probability an equal number is sold in the provinces, making a total of 350,000 peasants.

Pleasure: In one sense it is a piece of impudence for a man to make a will. It is an attempt to direct use of property that cannot belong to him after death. When a man goes out of this world he must drop everything that he used to call his own. Stewart dead and the tramp in possession of the field are equal, with chances for a peaceful rest of bones on the tramp's side.

Exchange: It is rumored that the unengaged young ladies of Asheville are about to organize a society to be called "The Sunrise Sweeping Brigade," every member of which obligates herself to sweep the sidewalk in front of the house in which she lives before sunrise. The object of the association is said to be to make an impression upon the hearts of susceptible young men, and to show them what industrious and hopeful wives the members would make.

City Bizz: We are happy. The porter of the parlor car has been crushed. "Beg ye pardon, sah," he remarked with impressive grandeur to one of the occupants of his car. "Dat was a trade dabb yo' handed me a minute ago." "Ah, was it?" replied the piteous he took it from the outstretched hand and examined it. "Take this for your honesty, my friend," and pocketing the dollar the traveler handed the astounded porter of the road a few more. The insensible body of the porter was left at the next station, and, after physicians had worked at him for two hours he recovered sufficiently to murmur incoherently: "It wad be money what pah'alized me, boss, but he called me 'my fren'! Boss, dat tuk me down offin'!"

Poor Mr. VILLARD! He is the victim of the most misplaced confidence on record. He brought over all those foreign guests in the hope that in the enthusiasm induced by a free ride across this big continent they would invest in Northern Pacific stock and make it as buoyant as he was himself. But they have feasted, drunk, enjoyed—and some of them even clothed—themselves all the way across the country from New York to Oregon and back again at the company's expense, and some of them are still enjoying themselves in New York at that same expense; but Northern Pacific stock still goes down, and not one of the foreign visitors has even hinted about wanting to invest. But Mr. VILLARD may console himself that they will go home and say nice things about the magnificent hospitality of the people in this country.

A man's neighbors know a man's real character, and are never slow to express their opinions about him. Compare the enthusiasm of Governor BUTLER'S friends, neighbors and followers in and about Lowell with the coldness and faint praise with which the people in Mr. ROBINSON'S district damn the Republican candidate. Even the Herald's man who was sent to Chicopee to hear his neighbors sing his praises found none so poor as to do him reverence, and had to quote the opinions of a man who described ROBINSON as a selfish, cold-hearted, grasping man, who, in business, "always took the last cent; looked out for his own costs first, and if there was anything left left his clients have it."

Boston is unusually full of strangers just now. The hotels are all crowded. The fairs have attracted multitudes. The farmers have sold their crops and are in town to take a well-earned rest and some recreation, as well as to visit relatives and friends and to see the sights. The stores are flooded with sightseers and purchasers, the theatres are well attended, the railroads are doing a large business, and, taking everything into consideration, the Hub was never livelier. We hope that every visitor will enjoy himself and herself to the utmost, and depart with pleasant thoughts of their visit.

Governor BUTLER'S three speeches to the people are full of telling points, but with all the vigor of thought and style so peculiarly characteristic of the man. The keen edge of his sarcasm sears out the weak points in the armor of his adversaries and cuts home every time. When Governor BUTLER appears upon the platform, it is no animated photograph parroting platitudes and solemnly droning the worn-out commonplaces of party politics. It is a man with ideas and thoughts in him conveying ideas to his fellow-men in articulate speech.

Mr. GEORGE E. McNEIL paid a glowing tribute at Malden Saturday evening to Governor BUTLER'S sturdy and long-continued defence of labor interests. He is not the only man who remembers BUTLER'S vigorous efforts in behalf of the ten-hour law with the warmest gratitude.

NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

Fred Douglass talks as if he thought that he was going to be hard up for an office soon. The Mormons substantially say: "The government be damned!"

New York Morning Journal: A seven-year-old girl is delighting Texas audiences with lectures. It was better for the youth who will one day be her husband, that a million were hung around his neck and that he were cast into the sea.

That Parisian mob has made King Alfonso famous and popular.

A chap who is evidently a commercial traveller gives this advice to mothers: When going on a journey with three or four children always furnish them with a big supply of molasses candy to keep them quiet. Then let them run around the car aisle so that they won't get tired.

An observing man has found out that people never miss the sermon until the preacher runs dry.

It is estimated that not less than half a ton of pure gold, worth \$500,000, is packed annually in the people's teeth in the United States. It may so packed, but the trouble is that it doesn't stay packed.

Sara Bernhardt, upon being asked why she married, replied: "Because it was the only thing I had not tried." As she has left Damala she probably had enough of it.

Already, in England, 1200 men have applied for the position of hangman, made vacant by the death of Marwood.

Here is part of a pen-picture of Washington, D. C., today: "As compared with the capitals of Europe one cannot see the glitter of a showy aristocracy, titled nobles and titled churchmen with their brilliant equipages, or large array of army uniforms, but Washington displays a larger proportion of rich and elegant 'homes' occupied by owners, who have high social position. In an intellectual society, and who are able to live happily and entertain their friends hospitably, than any other city. And besides it has but very little of extreme poverty and few paupers to support."

</

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Alas!
[Thomas Hood.]
When Eve upon the first of men
The apple pressed with specious cant
Oh, what a thousand pities then

A colored pastor led his congregation

The Golden Tomorrow.

What though our eyes with tears be wet
The sunrise never failed us yet

An Editor Bewitched by Bewitching W
There is nothing that will rouse all
quence in a man as the laughing eyes and
gleaming smiles of a handsome woman. In cl
the heart of the great editor of the Dallas be
editor of the *Tom Green County (Tex.)*
says: "I'm an old fellow, but if you g
me, I'll be a young man again. I'll be a
jump, corral me, and you'll find it to run a h
pump." It's seldom an editor gets it as ind
the heart of the great editor of the Dallas be
thing has got to be done, and done at once
you "do me it."

True Philosophy.
[Tinley's Magazine.]
There's many a trouble
Would break like a volcano
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
And never return.
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in the heart
That's the true philosophy.

Would vanish tomorrow.
 Were we but willing to furnish the wings
 So sadly intruding,
 And quietly brooding,
 It hatches all sorts of horrible things.

Echoes of the Past.
 [Detroit Free Press.]

There was a time when you could hear
 the amiss of it, but now it is only once in a while
 you catch the wrangle of voices from some
 yard:

"It's my knock!"
 "It isn't."
 "You missed the arch!"

"I hope to die."
 "You moved your ball!"
 "I never did!"

"I don't care! You are a great cheat!"
 "And so are you!"
 "I won't say that!"
 "Don't, then!"
 "And don't you ever speak to me again
 as you live!"
 "Pooh! Who wants to?"

Evening Song.

Behind the hill top drops the sun,
 The curved heat falters on the sand;
 The evening's hush is on the air,
 Lead in the guests of twilight laid.
 The bird is silent overhead,
 The bee's heart has laid him down;
 Alone the marigold the dead
 Alone the steeples guard the town.
 The wind whir! feels its amorous court
 To cloistered walls that are its round
 The leaves obey its tender course,
 And stir 'twixt silence and a sound.

Only A Little Punched Five-Cent P

A man may have \$100 in one pocket
 punched five-cent nickel in the other, and

never think of the \$100 once, but will think of five-cent nickel all the time. Of course I remember where he got it. That he will know. But he wonders how he can get it. He tries to get it, but he fails, and he falls the worst side down; but he fails, and awfully mean and mortified at being caught would be willing to buy something; he does not know what to buy. He goes to the office, will sit in his office, and take it out and turn it over carefully and thoughtfully reflect on the past pieces of disposing of it. He presents it to a bootblack as though it were a coin, and that night, on the way home, he takes it out, late, it strikes him, and he is afraid of it, and he only had the same mean sensation steals over him, and he is clanking himself all around the car as he is up and drops a new five-cent piece in the box.

"Water-Lilies Eloquent."
(Walter L. Sawyer.)

Speak to his fillets, with a voice as sweet—
 As soft as snow, or downy as a dove—
 The while he twine about his necks around
 Her pulse's rhythmic throbbing strain to meet
 And if, as thought of me, her arms repeat
 Wherein the creature that my own poor, faint
 slips.
 Then whisper—tell her, "Home return in
 Concom, dear commander and direct the fleet!"
 Yet tell her, also (else your words are lost),
 That I have been misled to shallow mountain
 No hopeful chance is left to reach the coast.
 They bring me merchandise beyond all cost.
 Your uniform shall bring fair friends a frost.
 Am I the sort of man that should be 'shoo'
 Away My Shadow Soon Grow Low
 Among all social nuisances the recitation
 is one of the most grievous. He is found
 where—in the unpretentious cottages in

The man who does stale tricks with a companion nuisance to the recitation game is not so intolerable because each is square. As he usually begins his entertainment with a question: "Have any of you seen the before?" by a preconcerted arrangement to answer in a chorus: "No, we've not," and then

like a nine-pin. The elocutionist never takes of those chances. He launches himself boldly—"Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight!"—and at the close of each piece, we applaud as if still quivering in the air, remembering something of the prodigious things you may not have heard, and is off in another five minutes of emotional agony, tough citizen to muzzle, being yawn and proof, and we have known of one who volley of books from an irritated member audience without flinching, and put on "Lockesley Hall" to the bitter end.

And the sunshin', the rain and the tender,
 In the spray on the rainbow's bow,
 We may read love's shining letter
 In the rainbow of the spray;
 We shall know each other better
 When the mists have cleared away.
 We shall know each other better,
 Never more to walk alone,
 In the dawning of the morning,
 When the mists have cleared away.

If we err in human blindness,
 And forget that we are dust,
 If we miss the law of kindness,
 When we struggle to be just,
 Snow wings of peace shall cover
 The pain that clouds our way,
 When the weary watch is over,

And the mists have cleared away,
 And we know as we know,
 Never more to walk alone,
 In the dawning of the morning,
 When the mists have cleared away.
 When the silvery mists have veiled us
 From the faces of our own,
 Oft we deem their love has failed us,
 And we read our fate in their eyes;
 We should see them near and true,
 We should trust them day and night,
 Neither in our hour of blindness
 If the mists were cleared away.
 We shall know as we are known,
 And we shall love as we love,
 In the dawning of the morning,
 When the mists have cleared away.
 When the mists have risen above us,
 As our father knows his own,
 Face to face with those that love us,
 We shall know we are not alone,
 Love, beyond the orient meadows,
 Beyond the golden fountains of day:
 Here, in the heart of the world, we are
 As our father knows his own.

Till the mists have cleared away,
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone.
When the day of light is dawning,
And the mists have cleared away,

Just a Morning Paper
[Puck.]

Sometimes a man throws his mornin' down on the seat and leaves the car. Er that has no paper wants it, and each man grab it if alone and unobserved. The man appears to be looking out a window in the direct direction is the man who sees that paper distinctly than any one else. And he be a man who seems least interested in it is the man who wants it most. As soon as that

thrown down it becomes an object of fear. The man who never buys or reads a paper at all, and wanders about in the streets, is not a little frightened ahead, and doesn't seem to have anything about it. But he is just quiver with excitement. He is wrought up to the pitch, and is prepared to grab for that paper at the first opportunity. He has made a similar attempt. Just at this period a man opposite the paper gives it a sharp, excited look as he has seen his name printed. Then he gives another sharper look, and then a third. He is not satisfied. He picks the paper up to see if he is right, to tell by the paper he handles it that he need not; and he gradually gets it up in front of him, and he reads it. He reads it as he would with it at home, in his own home. Other men look at him sourly, and silently, and condemn him as being largely porcine in his

